

A Merry VVedding ;

O R,

O brave Arthur of Bradly:

To a pleasant New Tune.



SEE you not Pierce the Piper
His cheeks as big as a Pyter
A piping among the Swain
That dance on yonder plain.
Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
And Pouths to the Horn-pipe nip it,
With every one his carriage
To go to yonders Marriage,
But go with Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

When Arthur hath got him a Lass,
A bonnier neber was,
The chiefest Pouths in the Parish
Come dancing all in a Bojrice,
Jumping with mickle pride,
And each his Wench by his side,
With Christmas Gambals bounding,
And Country wenches trouncing,
They all were fine and gay.
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that Arthur was married,
And his wife home had carried,
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat,
Francis carried the Furmaty,
Michael carried the Wince-pee,
Bortholomew Beef and Mustard,
And Christopher carried the Custard,
Thus every one in his array,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that Dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended,
For out steps Dick the Diaper,
And he did strike up Scraper,
It's best to be dancing a little,
And then to the Tavern and tippie,
He call'd for a Horn-pipe,
That went fine on the Bag-pipe,
Then forward Piper and ploy,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly.

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Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis following then
And after courteous Jane :
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother,
That it was great joy to see
How well they did agree ;
And then they all did say,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then Miles in his motly breeches,
And he the Piper beseeches,
To play him Haw-thorn buds,
That he and his wench might trudge,
But Lawrence liked not that,
So more did lusty Kate,
For the cry'd canst thou not hit it,
To see how fine Thomas can trip it,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

When all the Swains did see
This mirth and merry glee ;
There's never a man did flinch,
But each one did his wench ;
But Giles was greedy of gain,
For he would needs kiss twain,
Her Love seeing that
Did swap him over the pate,
That he had nought to say,
For the Honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

The Piper look'd aside,
And there he spied the Bride,
And he thought it a hard chance,
That none would lead her a Dance ;
But none was there durst touch her,
Save only Bat the Butcher,
He took her out by the hand,
And he danced while he could stand,
The Bride was fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then out stept Will the Weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her,

He hopp'd it all on one Leg,
For the honour of his Peg,
But Kister in his Cambrick Kuff,
He took that all in a snuff,
For he against that day,
Had made himself fine and gay,
His Kuff was whipt with blew,
And he cried out, a new dance a new,
Then strike up a round delay,
For the honour of Arthur Bradly, &c.

Then gan the Sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the bride-groom alone :
Tut, tut, says lusty Ned,
He see them both in Wed,
For I'll gib at a joynt,
But I'll have his Codpiss point,
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went, (ing,
There was such a crowding and thrust
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed
For all the skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
And lay close to her side,
Then got they his points & his garters,
And cut them in pieces like Partys,
And then they all did play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then Will and his sweet-heart,
Did call for loth to depart,
And then they did foot it and tols it,
Till the Cook brought in the sack-pollat
The Bride-pye was brought forth,
A thing of mickle worth,
Then each at his Beds side,
Took leave of Arthur and his Bride,
And so went all away
From the Wedding of Arthur of Bradly,